

(TMI Voyages - Tales of Exploration 1999)

*This poem has always been one of my favorites and I wanted to share it with everyone. It reminds me of Bob Monroe, and one of the things I admired so much about him: Bob seldom, if ever, followed in the "calf-paths" of others; never meandered through traditional practice, and frequently harrowed virgin terrain in relentless pursuit of his "different overview."*

*If you hold on tight, you can still enjoy the escapade with him today through the Hemi-Sync process. Its not "safe" tilling undisturbed territory; turning over valued belief structures and pulverizing them; forging new ways of thinking, perceiving, and facing up to your own true identity. But if you do all this and then leave behind fertile ground for others to prosper and grow, you will have harvested the bounty of life itself as Bob did.*

*Skip Atwater*

## **THE CALF PATH**

by Sam Walter Foss (1858 - 1911)

One day, through the primeval wood,  
A calf walked home, as good calves should;  
But made a trail all bent askew,  
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,  
And, I infer, the calf is dead.  
But still he left behind his trail,  
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day,  
By a lone dog that passed that way.  
And then a wise bell-wether sheep,  
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep;  
And drew the flock behind him too,  
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that, o'er hill and glade.  
Through those old woods a path was made.  
And many men wound in and out,  
And dodged, and turned, and bent about;  
And uttered words of righteous wrath,  
Because 'twas such a crooked path.  
But still the followed - do not laugh -

The first migrations of that calf.  
And through thus winding wood-way stalked,  
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,  
That bent, and turned, and turned again.  
This crooked lane became a road,  
Where many a poor horse with his load,  
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,  
And traveled some three miles in one.  
And thus a century and a half,  
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swift fleet,  
The road became a village street;  
And this, before men were aware,  
A city's crowded thoroughfare;  
And soon the central street was this,  
Of a renowned metropolis;  
And men two centuries and a half,  
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout,  
Followed the zigzag calf about;  
And o'er his crooked journey went,  
The traffic of a continent.  
A Hundred thousand men were led,  
By one calf near three centuries dead.  
They followed still his crooked way,  
And lost one hundred years a day;  
For thus such reverence is lent,  
To well established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,  
Were I ordained and called to preach;  
For men are prone to go it blind,  
Along the calf-paths of the mind;  
And work away from sun to sun,  
To do what other men have done.  
They follow in the beaten track,  
And out and in, forth and back,  
And still their devious course pursue,  
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old wood gods laugh,  
Who saw the first primeval calf!

Ah! many things this tale might teach -  
But I am not ordained to preach.